The Bystander, September 20, 1916.—No. 668. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

ALFONSO AL FRESCO

Spain's untrammelled Monarch at the San Sebastian Race Meeting, enjoying a chat with the Comtesse de Velayes. Quite a Goodwood aspect about the scene, for English fashions are clearly to the taste of Spanish high society

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Wells Out-Wellsed

WHILE Mr. H. G. Wells is busy writing about the war in the columns of the Press, the War is busy writing H. G. Wells on the banks—if there are any banks left—of the Somme—if there's any Somme left. The only difference between the war's writing of H. G. Wells and H. G. Wells' is that the war makes greater draws on our reserves of credulity. Any imaginative author who had seriously sat down to tell us of the fortunes of a modern battle being turned by the sudden emergence of Land Dreadnoughts, dashing across the enemy's lines, eating up houses, rooting up forests, and scattering death and destruction to the right and left while themselves invulnerable—I say any fictionist who had written such "stuff" would have had it returned with a request that he should take a sea voyage.

More "Perfidy"

WHAT the Huns will have to say of this latest development of British perfidy I daren't think. For a Power that has always laid out specially on its naval strength to become, without any reference to The Hague or the Geneva Convention, a sea Power on land, is surely the limit of barbarism. When we entered into discussions of our strength in Dreadnoughts, we said nothing whatever about Land Dreadnoughts. What has Viscount Grey to say to this latest outrage against Kultur? How much deeper in the mire does this unspeakable fellow propose to sink?

"I Stood on a Bridge . . . !"

MR. BELLOC's discovery of the Bridge of Tchernavoda was the journalistic feat of last week. Only he, apparently, on the whole Press, seems to have divined the strategic objective of the German-Bulgar march in Dobrudsha. Since Lord Randolph Churchill "forgot Goschen," there has been no parallel to the forgetting, by our united Press, of a bridge of eleven miles in length, three parallel viaducts, the possession of which gives either side command of the crossings of the Danube. It is exciting, indeed, to watch the progress of the invaders, and one hopes and believes that the Russo-Rumanian withdrawal is strategic, and intended to defend the bridge at all costs. Possessing it, the enemy might be able to threaten Bucharest, which would be an unpleasant development of a hopeful situation. One is also inclined to wonder whether the whole plan might not have been frustrated if the Salonica armies had taken the offensive at the same time as the Allies on the Somme and the Russians in the East. Nobody in Europe understood why we sat still down south for such an interminable time. Progress is certainly being made now, especially by the Serbs. One hopes any success in those regions will not be too late to help our newest Ally.

Tino the Hypnotiser

THE mystery of our conduct of affairs in Greece continues. Tino has actually been permitted to allow a Cabinet to be formed consisting of gentlemen who belong to the Germanophile party, with not a single pro-Ally among them, and this on top of the visit to Athens of thirty-three allied warships! Has Tino some magic love potion which he instils into diplomatic visitors, or is his German Queen a practiser of the black arts? We can only look to the realms of the occult for an explanation of our amazing supineness in bringing the Greek Court to business.

A Little Bit of Sugar for the Bulgars

FERDINAND'S visit to the German H.Q. naturally suggests that Bulgaria is *en rapport* with her great Ally: it may also mean that he is decidedly not *en rapport* with his "loyal" subjects. After the behaviour of Greece, there is an increasing feeling over here that Bulgaria, after suitable punishment, might be leniently treated by the Allies, and if any compensation should be granted to her in consideration of her proper treatment of Serbia, there is Kavalla, which the Greeks don't seem to have thought worth fighting for, and which the Bulgars honestly won for themselves in the war against the Turks, which they waged with British sympathy.

Exchanging Thrones

MEANWHILE, the problem arises what to do with Ferdy, and whom to place on the Sofia throne. A correspondent suggests that a good solution would be for the King to exchange places with the editor of—say—*John Bull*. Both of these gentlemen possess a fine versatility of mind and flexibility of view, and might adorn each other's present jobs with benefit to their respective *clientèle*.

Anything Doing in "Mess-up"?

TALKING of the Bulgars suggests thoughts of the Turks. At the moment, though at war with the Ottoman, we don't seem to be doing much harm to each other. What is happening in Mesopotamia? News from the Caucasus front is scanty, and what comes is chiefly of interest to British automobilists.

Our Real Object

OUR usual Monday morning mentor is inclined to belittle events on the Somme. He, having visited the Danube once, regards that notoriously blue river as the cynosure of all eyes. It seems that the object of the war—originally the rescue of small nations and the crushing of militarism—is now to frustrate the Berlin-Bagdad Railway scheme. When I, with my tiresome memory, recall that the said scheme was practically sanctioned to the Germans a few months before the war, I find it difficult to regard the taking of it from them as now the prime object for which our youth is offering its glorious life in its millions. I suggest, as an amendment, that the object of *our* war is still *to clear the Germans out of Belgium and France*, not out of Bagdad, which, being a long way off, seems really quite a desirable place to let them go to and lose themselves in.

(*Continued on page 500*)

Mars on the Spot

(EXCEPT, OF COURSE, IN HIS RECOLLECTION OF SHAKESPEARE--WHICH IS ROTTEN!)

As Henry the Fifth would say—

"Lots more into the breech, dear friends, lots more!
And close the War up, with the German—dead"

(*Mr. Lloyd George has been visiting the Front*)

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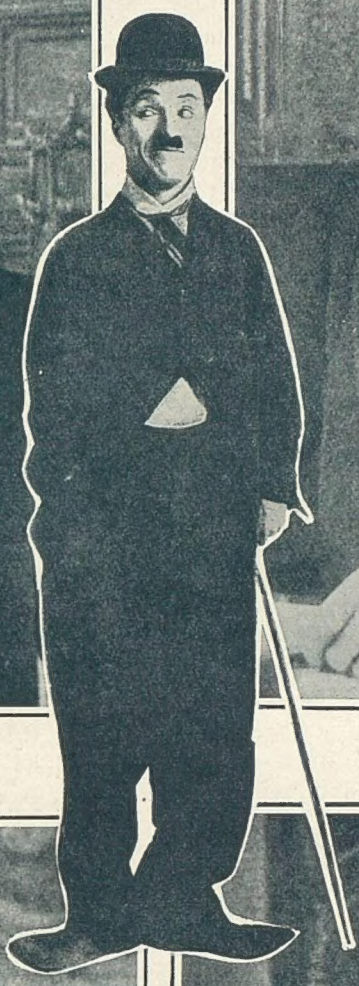
Film Favourites of the Moment

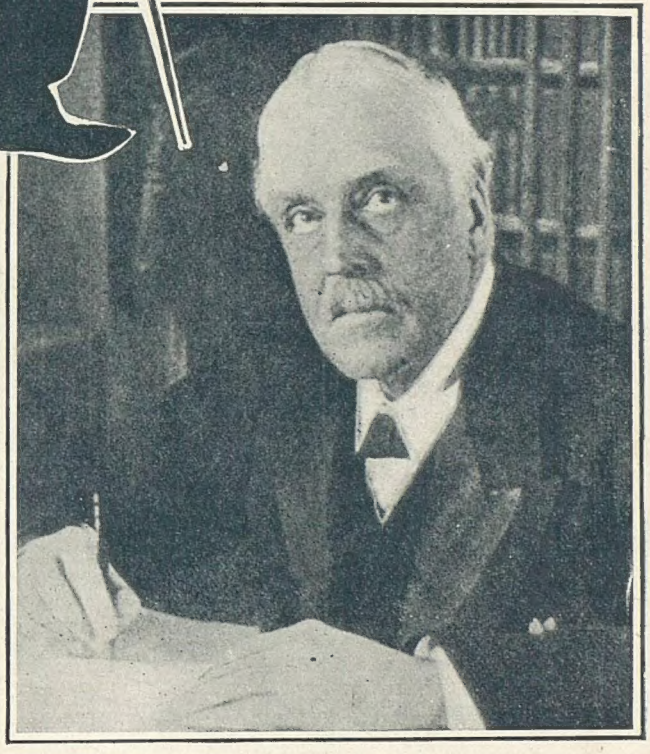
MR. BONAR LAW
"Wonderful fellow, Asquith"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE
"Yes, we want still more Clubs"

VISCOUNT GREY
"Do I look like Mephistopheles?"



MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN
"No knowing what the cinema's coming to"



MR. BALFOUR
"What IS a film?"

Owing, doubtless, to the information that would have been given to the enemy if a film of the Cabinet actually at work had been taken, the project was reluctantly abandoned. Several of its members have, however, been taken separately, and are now "released" to the public gaze. As the name and fame of Charlie Chaplin will almost certainly be eclipsed by these new rivals, we present him in characteristic pose in the centre of the group, in sympathy with his sorrows

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 498)

Taking Their Gruel

POLITICAL clubland has taken its "strafe" in the proper spirit, and if the National Liberals showed less spontaneous patriotism than the Constitutionals, doubtless it was because Liberals are essentially more emotional than Tories. Their "home" meant a good deal to them, and the gibes at their expense on the part of the gutter Press have been in the usual outrageous taste.

❋ ❋

"Nowhere to Go!"

AN interesting little "event" has been the race for new quarters, and at the moment of writing, neither Club has even reached Tattenham Corner. A dingy, rather sordid business has it been for the Committees, the finding of new clubhouses. Every possible lessor has discovered quite suddenly how very well he has been doing lately, and mouths and palms have been opened wide indeed.

❋ ❋

"Party Bigotry"

NEITHER of the two Clubs desires to lose its political status, and, therefore, "hospitality on terms" offered by other Clubs has not been absolutely jumped at. Honest Liberal and Tory Clubmen would rather be themselves at No. 5, Grub Street, than guests in — may I say?—Buckingham Palace. The bright young fellow who scribbles chatty little notes in an evening paper mistakes this for "Party bigotry," which simply shows that he is ignorant and impertinent enough to be qualified for his job. If there are resorts where "Party bigotry" has not thrived it has been in Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall Court, where the leaders of both Parties hear what the country is thinking with frequency and force. It is in the *Press*, not in Clubland, that "Party bigotry"—sometimes masquerading as patriotism—finds its Mecca.

ALMOST SMILING

The Prince of Wales, as snapshotted by the Press Bureau's official photographer in France. H.R.H. is being directed on the right road

❋ ❋

But Why Shift Them at All?

MEANWHILE some pardonable curiosity exists as to the nature of the colossal labours of the Government which require such spacious accommodation. Casual visitors to the last annexation of the Ministry of Munitions have not noticed any signs of overcrowding or extreme activity in the Hotel Metropole, and the War Office looks big enough for the conduct of several Armageddons.

❋ ❋

They Might Join Forces

POSSIBLY their companionship in flight will pave the way to an *entente* 'twixt the two Party clubs, and we may one day see a gigantic joint establishment in an imposing strategic situation, which can, in case of extreme crisis, be barricaded, and fitted with emplacements for big guns commanding St. Stephen's, Downing Street, the Whips' Offices, and both Central Associations.

❋ ❋

"Testing" Slackers

IT was really very decent of the War Office to "explain" that the recent rounds-up at places of entertainment, railway termini, racecourses, and football grounds was due to the desire to "test" the alleged existence of "slackers." We had long ago assumed that the mere dignity and self-respect of the general public was of no account to the authorities, and the fact that they think it worth while to offer a sort of apology suggests that we were pessimists.

❋ ❋

Pockets Full of Certificates

A LITTLE thought before undertaking these drastic measures might, in future, save the authorities the necessity for excusing themselves. Study of the habits of the "shirker" would reveal that his principal habit is—shirking, and that the last thing he is likely to do, when being sought for, is to parade himself in public places. As the Government do not announce that they have abandoned the "round-up" system, and henceforth it will be necessary to carry about with him all the necessary certificates, the non-eligible citizen will welcome the additional pocket accommodation afforded by the arrival of the overcoat season.

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Cause and Effect

THE recent illness of the Greek King gives rise to all kinds of rumours as to the nature of his malady. One diagnosis of the case which recently came to my notice was that His Majesty was suffering from a painful German extraction. I publish the rumour for what it is worth, but it's all Greek to me.

❋ ❋

If It Weren't for the Mileage in Between

IT behoves us to keep a curb on our optimism in regard to the fresh Russian advances and the consequent German retreats. A careful student of the war map has discovered that when the Germans make a retreat in the East they are really making an advance to the Western Front.

❋ ❋

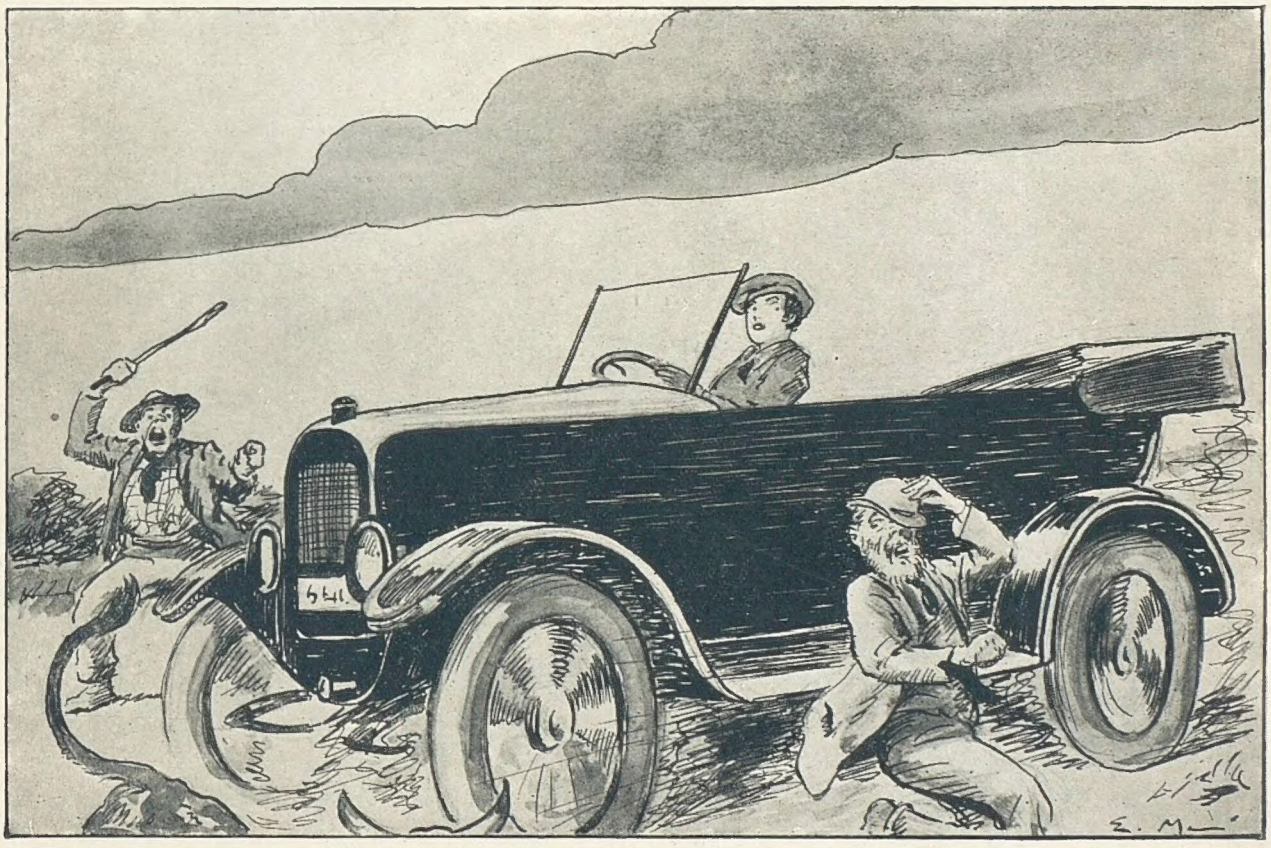
America's Maine Chance

"REMEMBER the Maine," was the war-cry of the U.S.A. throughout the Spanish-American War. Will Maine also be the starting-point from which the U.S.A. may become involved in what would then be really almost a World-War? The first elections in that State, held last week, resulted in a most emphatic

(Continued on page 502)

"The Ploughman Homeward Plods...."

THE OLD STYLE—



—AND THE NEW

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 500)

repudiation of the "Too Proud to Fight" attitude of President Wilson, for the Republican candidates swept the board on a very big poll. It will be intensely interesting to see if the other forty-seven States of the Union follow Maine's lead and transfer their allegiance from the Democrat to the Republican side; and, if so, whether the U.S. foreign policy will undergo such a change as to make this first-concluded election a case of *Nomen Omen*.

❋ ❋

Novel Responsibilities

I SHOULD have thought, from the way in which the miners of South Wales always have everything arranged to suit their convenience, that they would really have had no grievances left. But I see they have just been holding a meeting to protest against the incidence of the Income Tax! It is, of course, just possible that the protest was against the large amounts the poor coal-owners are having to pay—but I *don't* think! No, the fact is that these above-the-law, compromise-but-on-our-terms-only miners are just beginning to find out that their own bloated wages—"bloated" is the right word, I think?—are at last being laid under contribution by the State; and that they who for years have made far higher incomes than many income-tax payers without contributing one farthing towards the country's needs, have now got to pay some small share of the nation's war bill. That is, in theory: in practice, I suppose, Mr. Lloyd George, or somebody, will go down to Cardiff, and settle the question on the miner's own terms, *i.e.*, remit their taxes, and raise their wages!

LADY EILEEN WELLESLEY

Younger daughter of the Duke of Wellington, was married on September 11 to Mr. Cuthbert Julian Orde, of the Royal Flying Corps. The bride and bridegroom are here shown on their departure from Apsley House

❋ ❋

The Press Irrepressible

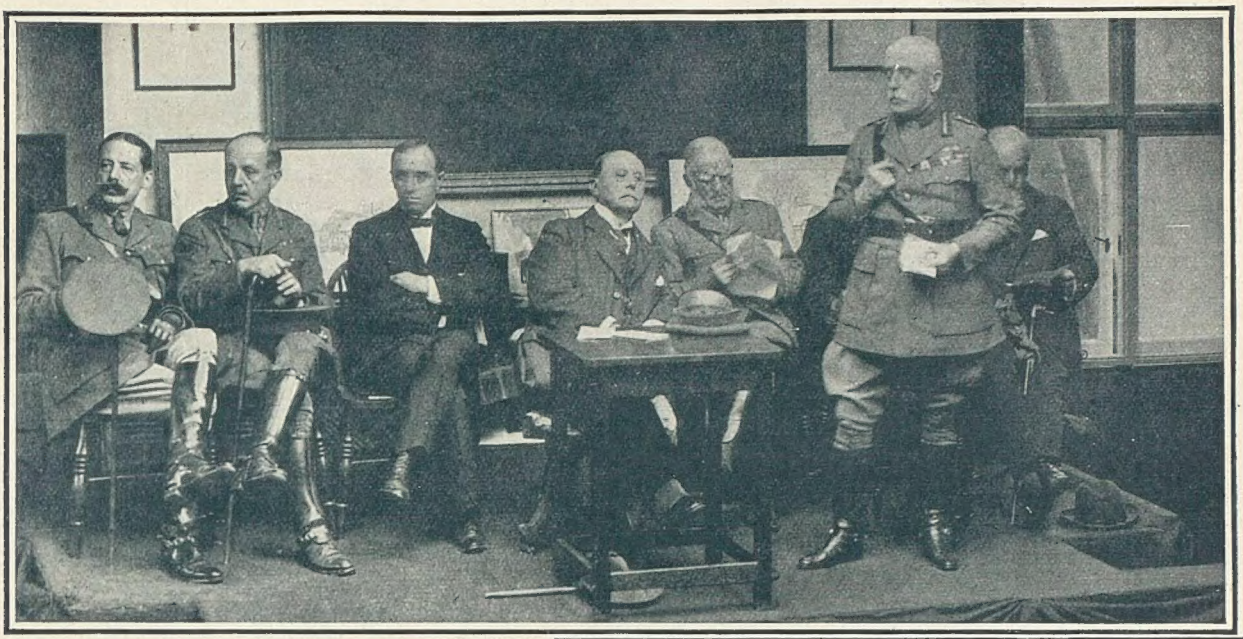
AFTER the War the Editors of the Press of the Allied Countries really ought to club together and give a big dinner to the Editor of *La Libre Belgique*, supposing this intrepid man to be still alive at that unknown date. Despite the utmost and angriest vigilance of the German governors of Brussels his paper continues to appear with punctuality, its "local habitation" having eluded all their efforts to track it down. The Editor himself has stated that *La Libre Belgique* is written, edited, printed, and published in a motor-car. Some Transatlantic Editors, and even Carmelite House, might well turn green with envy at this manifestation of combined hustle and resource. It must be a great life for the editorial and publishing staff, possibly combined in the single person of the chauffeur; and I wish my contemporary the best of luck, and may his circulation be still in good going order at the end of the war.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG (PRINCESS BEATRICE)

Paying a visit to her daughter, the Queen of Spain, is snapshotted here while watching a game of lawn tennis on the courts at Santander

Activities Various

OF PERSONAGES MORE OR LESS CONNECTED WITH THE WAR



F.-M. LORD FRENCH

Opening the Lounge for Soldiers given by Mrs. Alec Tweedie in remembrance of her son killed in action

THE PRIME MINISTER

Inspected, with great interest, a quantity of captured German ammunition, on his recent visit to France

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Again in mufti, taking the opportunity afforded him by the opening of a Fête at Chelmsford, to make one of his outspoken speeches on "Germany after the War"

BLIND HEROES' WELCOME

To their benefactor, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., himself blind, on his return to St. Dunstan's Home after his recent illness

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *September* 18, 1916.
DEAR COUSIN—

VERY amusing, this discussion that's going on about the lowness and legginess of things theatrical in London now, and the awful bad effect of it on the minds and morals of our soldiermen. But I'm afraid I agree with "Sir Tree," as they call the great Sir 'Erbert in America, that every generation gets the entertainment it deserves. And as for the reformer who set the ball rolling, General Smith-Dorrien—he must be a sweet thing in visionaries if he really and truly thinks that just *pour la patrie* the theatrical manager is going to give the public something that's good for it instead of what it wants, and will pay for.

"To be a mother to them!"

* *

YOU'D have thought it clear as daylight, wouldn't you, that when you're out to make money quick and plenty—well, it's no good being, as Sir James Barrie would put it, too blarsted particular about how you do it. And as to any sort of altruistic ideas about their audiences' morals . . . I'm afraid it'd take more than all the Generals in Pall Mall to cultivate that kind of plant in this kind of commercial soil.

"The subaltern probably wouldn't have a look in"

AND I suppose there isn't any doubt about it really—the sort of theatre stuff the public's getting is the sort of stuff the public wants. If we really longed badly to see something pure and Victorian by Gilbert and Sullivan, or something great by Shakespeare, or innocuous by Barrie, or serious by Galsworthy, or even just beautiful by Granville Barker and Co., we shouldn't flock in our thousands, should we, to *The Girl from Ciro's* and *The Bing Boys*, and *High Jinks*, and *Chu Chin Chow*, and the rest of the undress drama?

* *

NOT a bit of it. Majorities are always wrong, of course, but at least they do the things they want to do. It's only the minorities that worry themselves about cherishing ideals, and keeping up the standards, and leaving the world better than they found it, and that kind of well-meaning, if rather officious, point of view.

* *

TRUE, of course, too, that as things are to-day the arts *are* rather badly out of it. With the world at war, there's no place for the sensitive and the artistic, and the intellectual. What's going to win the war? Not genius or brains or beautiful ideas or even science, but just blood and money. And the arts have nothing in common with *them*.

* *

MUSTN'T forget, either, must we, that as everyone's always telling us, this is the Day of Youth, and nothing and no one else matters—except, perhaps, in the Gilded Dug-outs of Whitehall? And Youth loves light and laughter naturally, and also likes to be, anyway, in touch with naughtiness, if only through the box-office. But I'm not sure that even the giddiest youth is really keen on the sort of bedroom-doir drama we've been getting some fairly warm specimens of lately. What Sir Tree calls scented hogwash is much more to its taste.

* *

YOU know the sort of musical-comedy-revue, that's no strain whatever on the brain or the after-dinner digestion—golden fires and silver smiles (at the stalls or khaki-filled boxes), and plenty of *lingerie*, a comedian who's always getting on the verge, but never goes over it, and heaps of nice sloshy tunes, all about whether you've seen the ducks go passing by, and what an awful lot a little hour or two can do, and what'd happen—

> If I were the only girl in the world,
> And you were the only boy.

And an awfully "cheery" note about the whole

proceedings. (Apropos, if you *can* think of another word for "cheery"—which I'm just fed-up to the *brim* with—do pass it along. It's just too war-worn for anything over here.)

⁂ ⁂

And everyone there for one reason only—to dazzle the eye and charm the heart of man. And no tiresome new ideas about the equality of woman and the immorality of dancing before Herod just because he likes it, so to speak. As a new musical comedy star said to one of her interviewers: "Suffragist? Certainly not. Men don't like that sort of thing."

⁂ ⁂

Talking of new plays, it's really quite deliciously American, the plot of *The Misleading Lady* at the Playhouse. They're too funny on sex questions—aren't they?—and yet, as someone's said, "always respectable." The Strong Man has been played with by a pretty girl. Annoyed, he gags her and chucks her into his very expensive million-h.p. motor-car and dashes off to his "shack," whatever that is, somewhere, of course, in the wilds of the Adirondacks, wherever they may be—anyway, they're a sort of American Scotland.

⁂ ⁂

Here, after he's chained her to the wall and she's brained him with a telephone, they're happy-ever-after, and Gladys wanders up and down the mountainside in the kind of frock and shoes that wouldn't have been out of place on a fine Saturday afternoon at Ranelagh before the war. That's what they call over there "the return to nature." American nature, I suppose.

⁂ ⁂

Something of a return to nature in my last invitation from an R.F.A. major-man in the desert, by the way. "Come and see us, Blanche. The Navy will bring you, and then will come our turn. All the Fortmason delicacies shall be ordered for you, and you shall have a real camel well groomed (and not smelly) to ride, and a real bath in real and not brackish water, if I have to go to G.H.Q. to get it."

⁂ ⁂

What's lacking in the sort of comforts you get at the Ritz and places I'm sure they'd make up in welcome, dear things. And I'd love to go, only you can't think how silly and fussy the authorities are now about even more important journeys like running over to Paris about a frock. But it does sound a bit *au naturel* out there, certainly. "Don't know how we should carry on in this Land of Sin if it weren't for our cheery friends, especially the one and only Blanche.

"We do so want to swank at home with that nice piece of gold braid"

"Just about here we have no tents, and our rabbit-hutches are made of sticks of palm trees with a blanket stretched across. We burrow into the sand, and the other night I found a lizard crawling up my leg, and one of my subs., doing F.O.O., a snake in his blankets. How would *you* like a lizard crawling up your silk stocking at any time of day, to say nothing of the small hours? And another of the delirious delights of this spot is our usual companion, the dear old house-fly—lots of him.

⁂ ⁂

"Do ask the fair Helen to draw a picture of us, will you, in our wigwam in the desert? If it's good she shall have a large box of Charbonnel's chocolates—and you whatever you want. Meanwhile you'll have heard by now that we've had what we've been grilling for all these months, and old John Turk and his Boche masters have now gone east. It was a great frolic, in a temperature of 100, while it lasted. Australians did awfully well, and we helped them with just a few H.E."

⁂ ⁂

Also of the Royal Regiment, but in France this one, is the Battery Commander who asks me to come over and dispel what the *poilu* calls "*cafard*," or English fed-up. "We have a very deep hole on a very high hill near a place called an O.T. It needs a housekeeper, a companion who will mother (!) my young officers during their lonely vigil.

⁂ ⁂

"Please, *please* don't say no, Blanche. There is a lift attached and every convenience for observing Brother Boche's antics in his hours of ease. The *cuisine* is excellent and varied. Can I say anything else to tempt you? Yes, you are keen on war-work, I know, so we could let you work the lift."

(Continued on page 506)

"In our wigwam in the desert"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 505)

WELL, well. . . . A good many proposals of different kinds have come my way since I took to writing letters to my cousin. But this is the very first time I've been asked to be a mother—even to a gunner, and gunners, dear things, as we all know, seldom err on the side of modesty, in the matter of stating their needs and keeping you *au fait* with their wishes, anyway. But I thank them for their kind invitation all the same.

❋ ❋

AND "Two Hielan' Laddies" write to me to say that they've almost forgotten what a really nice girl looks like, leave's so very scarce these days. "Of course, the French ones are charming in their way, but when one is not exactly fluent at their lingo conversation is just slightly difficult. And, anyway, we're a bit fed-up with life at present, having been out a year with only one leave and come right through the Push without a "Blighty" one. We did so want to swank at home with that nice piece of gold braid."

❋ ❋

TWELVE months with but one single leave does seem cutting it a bit thick, certainly, poor dears. But never mind! Think of the welcome that awaits such war-scarred heroes when they *do* come home.

❋ ❋

IT'S goodbye summer now, I suppose, and no good pretending it isn't—anyway, we've all *rushed* into furs, and not to have at least a *bit* of some unfortunate rabbit on you somehow, somewhere, is to be of no account either in the Heavens above or on the earth beneath, unless you're a duchess, of course; then you needn't wear anything (that matters). Flag-days, too, are in the offing, and there were at least six first nights last week, and for October, I hear, all the autumn picture shows are to be as usual; so, you see, we're not going to let ourselves tarnish at all or anything just because there's a war, are we? Quite the other way round, in fact.

❋ ❋

THE calendar of social events may have gone by the board, but there are still dinners and dances and opera and expensive weddings, and though at the clubs and cheaper restaurants females may bring you your food in London now, at Ciro's and Prince's and the Carlton they haven't yet sunk so low. I do wonder sometimes, I confess, how some of us can have the heart to enjoy ourselves *quite* so much as very obviously we do, for so many that were—

". . . . . Young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady, and aglow,"

are seen no more in the places where the frivolous foregather.

❋ ❋

THOUGH, I suppose, they'd be the last really, wouldn't they, to have wished us to stop for one single moment the great wheel of pleasure which revolves so unendingly here in London no matter what happens—Zeps., disasters, defeats, and casualty lists unending?

❋ ❋

AS one of the Indian Expeditionary Force writes me, "Never say die, Blanche, or stop writing the letters that comfort and transport us to Heaven as we read of you and yours and all that makes life hum in London town. For, despite Eden, here there are no Eves, and we have to shut our eyes to dream of you and many Eves in London and to forget that the temperature soars between 110 degrees and 120 degrees and the flies and all the many other evils of this land of regrets, or, as Tommy calls it, Messy-pot or Mess-it-up!"

❋ ❋

SO we must keep on keeping on, mustn't we?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

HIS BIT

SMALL BOY: "What did you do in the Great War—daddy?"
FATHER: "I was one of the jurymen at an inquest on a Zeppelin crew"

Mrs. Geoffrey Howard

Photograph *Yevonde*

A delightful portrait of Lord Methuen's eldest daughter, whose husband, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, son of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, is M.P. for West Wilts and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. She has just presented him with a daughter

Our Clubs and the War

WITH A DISSERTATION ON THE POWER OF THE "GENIUS LOCI"

By "FOR'ARD ON"

THERE is no member of the Constitutional Club or of the National Liberal Club who any longer fails to realise that we are at war. Indeed, had the wicked Huns swept into Whitehall and thereabouts with Hindenburg himself at their head they could not have caused greater consternation than has been wrought by our own Office of Works. "Get out" is the order, "and don't be long about it, either! Ask no questions. Where are you to go? My dear sir, *wherever* you like—as long as you are quick over it."

THE extent to which a Club becomes part of a man's life is now more than conjecture. There are losses—heart-thrusts and indignities for which money can never compensate. I am sure that the Office of Works know this. They will not attempt to compensate. There is a certain deep chair, for instance, with a table within reach of it—in a corner aloof and reposeful. There did I chance on my first glass of ancient rum. That chair is to go, the rum is to go, and I also have to go. Can life ever be the same?

THE poor Belgian Refugees had some success. They had a Flag Day, I remember. Meetings were held for them, and people wept. And when the audience brought out their handkerchiefs they pulled money out too. Who will be the first with a Flag Day for the Constitutional Refugees and with "cushy" homes for National Liberals? Indeed, it will be easy for the exiles to act up to their part. How can they be otherwise than puffy and forlorn? They are really homeless. The waiter who came before they called him (and often did not when they did), where is he now indeed? And where is the old corner, the old chair, the old gossips, and (I shall break down in a minute) the old drinks?

SOME sob that it is all merely an ugly, horrible dream. Food prices had risen, and even liquor was becoming costly. There had been grumbling. Is this merely a device of the Committee to conjure up complacency? The grumblers who yesterday were saying "the Club's going to the devil" are now crying that there never was such a paradise of comfort, convenience, and ease, and that life henceforth must be intolerable. Surely it must be merely a game that the Committee are playing! Is it indeed?

IT is an extraordinary grave matter, none the less. Where in future is —— to telephone or —— to send those charming scented notes? In what other safe retreat is Mr. Don't-Care-a-Hang to entrench himself, and where else can he find tiny page-boys who say so unhesitatingly that he is in Scotland when, as a fact, he is only round the corner in the lower smoke-room? Worst of all—his wife knows the Club, and accepts it resignedly. She has been over every inch of it on Fridays. She has had tea there—suspicion has slowly vanished through the years! "Darling," she will say, "it was a dream of a club. I was always delighted to feel that you were there. There never can be another like it—and so you shall spend your time at home!"

BUT there is one thing that I greatly fear has been overlooked. The whole point is, do you or do you not believe in a *genius loci*? To my thinking, the affirmative evidence is simply overwhelming. For instance—if we think of it—we all know of houses where sudden deaths are frequent and even divorces not uncommon. I know of a rectory where a whole succession of rectors have followed one another into bankruptcy. Now, if any spot has a *genius loci* it is a Club, and though the genius is, and must be, a jolly sort of thing, it is certain to be uncannily demoralising, so far as settled work goes.

THE Ministry of Munitions—so I hear—is principally manned by Welshmen. I imagine that racially they are (1) perfervid teetotallers, (2) using no swear words whateffer, (3) tremendous Sabbatarians, (4) Radicals, if not Socialists. These are the kind of people who will be called on to fight for their very souls with the *genius loci* of the Constitutional Club. It will be too much for them. What exactly will happen I do not quite know, but Taffy will simply go to the devil.

THEN take the National Liberal Club—till lately, as everyone knows, the cradle of a little Army and Navy and the home of the Peace-at-any-Price People. Can we believe that this is the place that is to be used for National Recruiting? Don't you believe it! The *genius loci* will see to that. A gorgeous crowd with green tabs resplendent will stream into the Gladstone Library and demand more men. But the crafty little *genius loci* will start playing tricks with them and, under its spell, they will decide that they want no men at all, and will speedily suggest that L.-G. and Hindenburg shall settle the whole matter over a friendly game of push halfpenny.

YET there is a silver lining to every cloud. While the Constitutional and National Liberal are lamenting, the highest hopes have been raised in other circles. It appears that there are great Clubs which hitherto have been unknown to us. The Hoxton Athenæum, for instance, not to mention the Mile End Carlton and the Upper Tooting Cut-em-Out. All these institutions have been placed most patriotically at the disposal of the Government *for any purpose*. Nor is there any opposition or sordid bargaining. "Just pay us what you pay the Constitutional, and the place is yours. Ikey Moses says he can clear everything out in a couple of hours—but he will want a trifle extra if he works on Saturday." Why, oh! why not let the East End have a glimpse of the working of the Empire?

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Curfew

PASSED BY CENSOR

What particularly annoys Lieut. Jones, R.F.A. (who thought he could get a better view from the Belfry) is that irritating prediction which keeps passing through his head, "The Curfew shall not ring to-night"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A Catch in Three Stages

Photographs *E. H. D. Sewell*

THREE INTERESTING SNAPSHOTS OF A CATCH HIGH UP IN THE SLIPS MADE BY LIEUT. A. E. R. GILLIGAN, OF DULWICH AND THE SURREY 2nd XI

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Lilian's "Lonely Soldier"

By "NITCHEVO"

LILIAN was an outrage. She really was. For thirty years she had been a family affliction, and she grew worse. Her self-sacrificing father dined nearly every night at his club—to keep clear of her. Her mother, very deaf and nearly blind, interned herself in her room for the same purpose. And her sisters had not made nearly such good marriages as they might have done, so keen had they been to escape from Lilian.

Lilian's father deserved better luck. He was about the richest, and certainly the fattest, man in Surbiton. He was a J.P.—and don't you forget it. He knew quite a number of Knights, and spoke of Lords as if they were his brothers. The only blot on his life's landscape of port-coloured effects and delicate Havanna mists was the insufferable Lilian. There had been twenty thousand pounds of his best money any time during the last ten years for *any* fellow who would marry her. Several of the impecunious of Surbiton had tried bravely, but had fled in the end.

Lilian was a waspish little creature with a mean, narrow face, and terrible straight lips. She never spoke—she shouted: and the smaller the room the louder her voice. She was a malicious liar and a most deliberate defamer. The only beautiful thing about her was her ankles, and they were amazingly good. Consequently, she wore short skirts. She strutted about the place with a heavy stick, and wore a scarlet tam-o-shanter cap. She was an incurable church-goer, and was specially offensive to curates and doctors' wives. A mad and equally detestable aunt had left her three hundred a year, and she doled bits of this out in calculated donations to such charitable efforts as offered her a fair chance to make herself a malevolent nuisance.

But now for a delightful transformation.

This wonderful war touched Lilian's heart. She was one of the first to realise the patriotism of sending shirts to soldiers. She bought quite a number of them—cheap—and paid an old widow to work her name and address on each. Her self-sacrifice even extended itself to Flag-day work—on fine days. Her skirts were shorter than ever on these occasions, and after the first half hour her temper was the same.

In spite of all this—the noble creature felt that she was not doing enough for our heroes, and her heart went out to the loneliness of the poor fighting men who knew not Lilian. Result: the following advertisement in the *Daily Waggleograph:*

TO LONELY SOLDIERS.—A young lady of position wishes to cheer you. Write to Box ——!

The response was stupendous. Letters arrived in great bundles which Lilian smuggled to her room and locked up in travelling trunks. She gave out that she was writing a novel and locked herself in with them. And she read them all—and quite a number of them were letters—well, you can imagine the kind. They came from every camp in the United Kingdom and whole batches were from London, and even a few from Surbiton.

The London young men were, strange to say, very, very, lonely. Most of them were dying to meet Lilian. Baby Subs. were pining for her. Gentlemen who hinted that they might even be Generals appreciated, so they wrote, the tender spirit of her appeal. Appointments were suggested. Could Lilian be at Nelson's Monument with three red roses in her girdle at seven o'clock—just in time for a little dinner somewhere and a quiet heartsome chat. And so on, and so on. But Lilian was too cunning to be caught. She enjoyed the reading of these letters from home immensely, but she turned them all down. The only epistles she replied to were from over-seas and they were very carefully chosen. "Twenty lonely Tommies on a string are quite enough," she murmured contentedly, and, however great the temptation, she would not exceed the limit. Even in patriotic, self-sacrificing war-work one has to set a limit somewhere!

By various processes of elimination the twenty were whittled down to seven, and then photograph exchanges made a further reduction to three. The young man with the face of a Greek god, and the limbs of Samson (to say nothing of his leer) had to go. Possibly it was the vain notion that extorted from him the appalling and pitiful confession that in civil life he had been an undertaker's apprentice. Lilian sighed over him, but turned him down. A similar fate befell the remarkably attractive quondam medical student who tearfully admitted that he had married his Bloomsbury landlady (being behind with his rent), and sought a change more in keeping with his jettisoned gentility. He went also—with seemly lament. And in the end, there was only one. And such a one! A fine khaki-clad figure with great eyes that even in the photograph had a power of domination. And such letters he wrote! And such letters *she* wrote! Surely a more heroic man never breathed. Between post and post (and he seldom missed one) he had won the V.C.—only once more to be the victim of red tape or of jealousy or of a high command that gave only to their friends. He had killed more Huns than any other man on the front. He had "carried in" most of his officers at one time or another. He had rescued his own Brigadier—only to be covered with filthy abuse—but never mind, Lilian was his twin soul. "They might never meet. Death unhonoured might come any moment, but, dear girl, you have brought heaven into my life, etc., etc." And she wrote accordingly. She steeped herself in Marie Corelli, Ouida, Elinor Glyn, the Rosary—indeed, the classics generally, and wrote accordingly. She never missed a post. "This may be the last letter he will live to get, brave boy," she whimpered, and piled it on. "She loved him—she had never known what love was before—she loved no one but him—and never would—and she hoped he'd like the gold wrist watch and the silver torch-lamp, and the hundred cigars—and what a shame it was that he was not allowed to have a case of fine port." Also she sent him photographs. They were taken by a

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 512)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 511)

genius and showed simply delicious ankles with a face always looking somewhere else, but quite attractive in point of suggestion.

——And then for a black, speechless fifteen days he was silent. The post brought nothing. He had been killed. She was sure. She laid aside the red tam-o-shanter and bought a black one. She was all in black. She spoke to no one, which was a blessed relief in Surbiton. She went to cemeteries to get ideas. But she kept on writing to him just on the chance that her darling love was wounded. And the letters she *did* write—golly, she fairly let herself go!

When his letters from the London Hospital reached her she became hysterical."

"Come—come, darling of my heart—come at three to-morrow. I count the very minutes. Write as soon as you get this, and do tell me that you love me!"

She did. She was in fine form. She sent him a letter that the *Family Herald* would have printed in heavy type. She meant to marry him at once, and all reserve was flung to the winds. Not that there had been much in the way of reserve during the last few weeks.

The next day she spent three whole hours in dressing herself—not forgetting to give her ankles every chance. And she saw him. He lay there very still and quiet, but had the most wonderful of smiles. Poor, patient, brave fellow—beautiful beyond words—he could only smile. And he smiled all the time. She made quite a cemetery of his bed with her priceless flowers, and she kissed his hand just before the matron chivied her out. "I simply cannot trust myself to speak, sweetheart," he murmured as she left him. "Everything is now bright for me!" And he still smiled, the dear, good, grateful, loving fellow.

The matron told her that he would soon be better, and she thrilled at the news and determined to make subtle inquiries about Registry offices and things. And a nice, honest, homely woman who was with the matron was ever so kind and sympathetic, and left the building with her and told her it did her heart good to see a little bit of real love for once in a way.

The next morning, when her father had left for the City, she wandered in the garden counting the hours before she could see her beloved again. She was disturbed by the opening of the side gate. Who should be there but the same kind and sympathetic homely woman. Lilian cried in anguish: "Oh, you bring bad news! He's dead—I know he's dead!"

The woman smiled. "Easy on, dearie, he's all right. I just wanted a word with you. We shall be quiet and by ourselves in that little bit of a summer-house, shan't we?"

"What is it?" Lilian demanded.

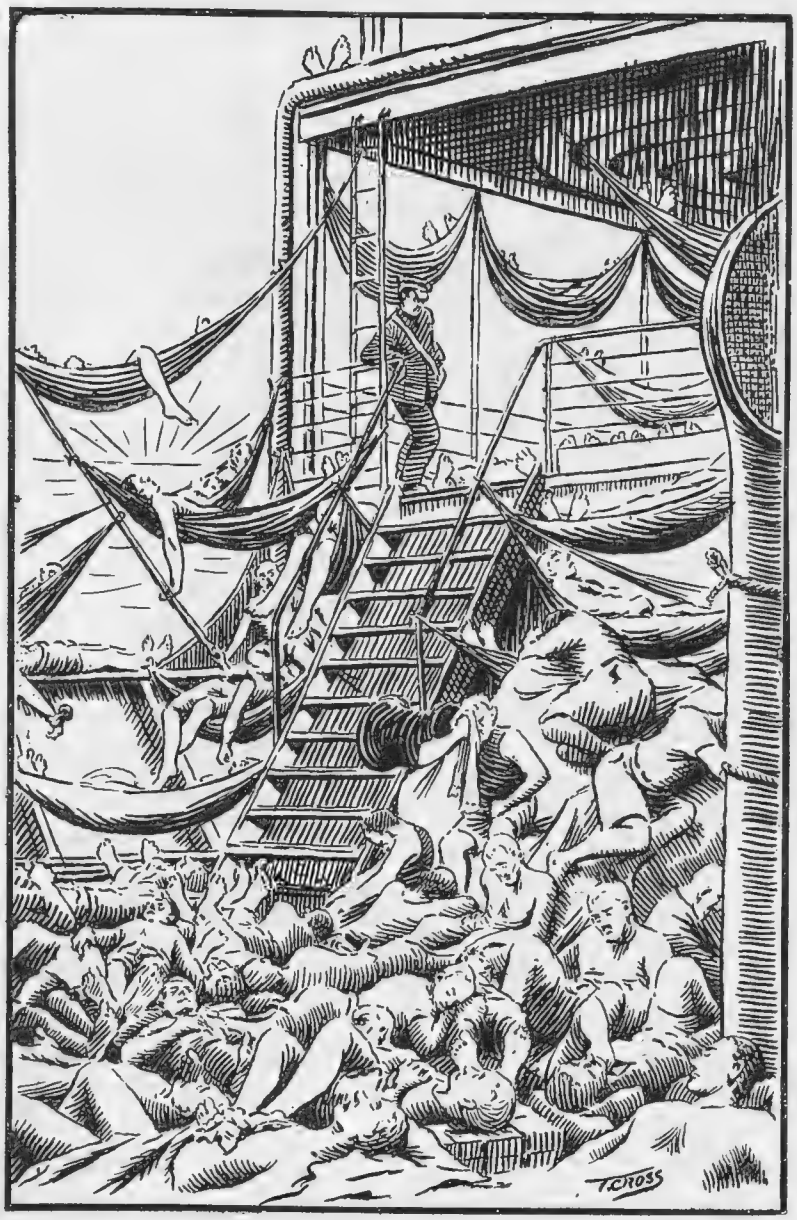
The woman sat down very deliberately.

"It's this way," she began. "The man you've been writing all those fuzzy-wuzzy letters to 'appens to be my 'usband."

Lilian sank back against the boards and put her hands to her face.

"Oh, I don't mind, dearie—don't worry about me," the emissary continued, "and you are not the only one. He's got a whole boxful of them, and they are so beautiful that we are going to make a book of them. John's done a bit of writing in his time, and 'e says it would sell like 'ot cakes. Of course, 'is real profession is on the boards. But we have to live, you know, and we can't afford to lose the chance of a little pot of money. Now suppose we print all your letters, and 'ave those nice pictures of yourself which you sent 'im, *'ow many copies would you take?* Two-and-sixpence each, and a reduction on large quantities, which is only fair. Let's do a little business this fine morning. What d'you think, lady?"

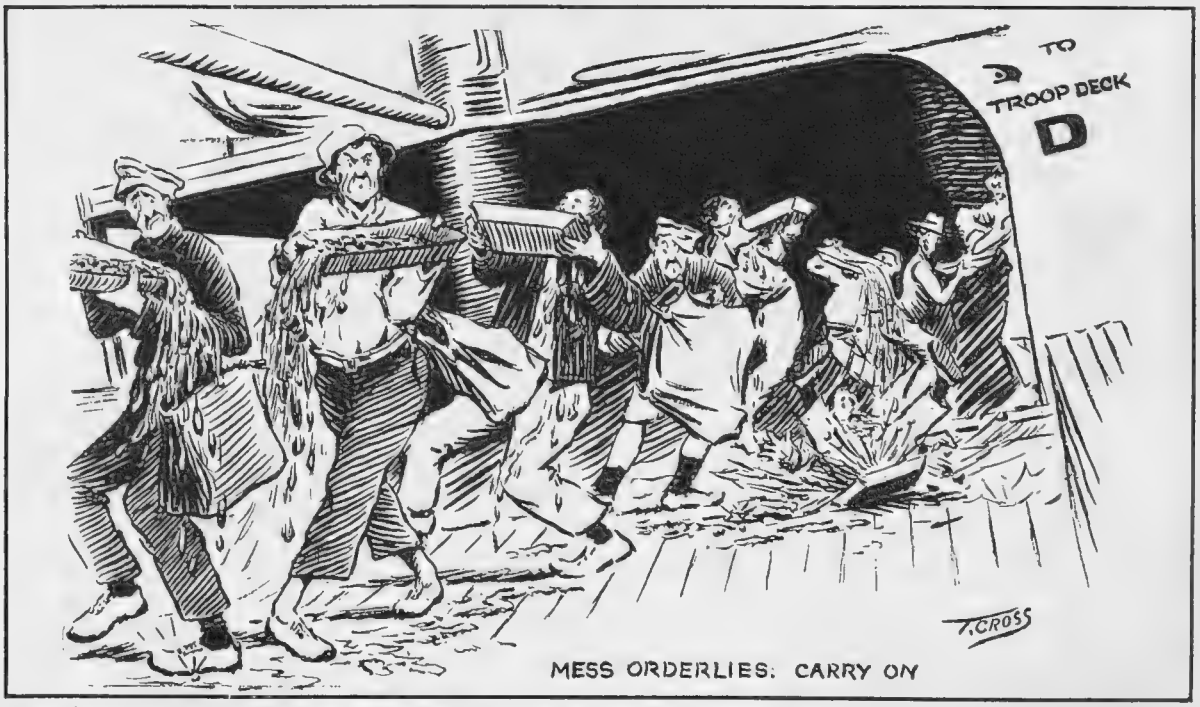
NITCHEVO



IN THE RED SEA

The scene on a transport at daybreak after a night at 100 degrees. The only person who seems to be really cool is the one with most clothes on

The Worst Part of the War—Getting to It



The discomforts and difficulties of the daily routine on board a troopship, with a heavy sea running, are well exemplified by Mr. T. Cross's sketches. The line of men at drill loses its solidity, though it attains a certain amount of the requisite "ripple"; shaving, seven at a glass, is trying to the temper; and everything connected with the "mess" gives full point to both senses of the word

In the Streets of Salonica—the W

"Medes, Parthians, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia," who, with Greeks, Turks, and Armenians,
Serbian, and Russian soldiers and sailors, while the Red Cross Nur

War's Most Cosmopolitan City

ns, constitute the normal population of Salonica, are now supplemented by British, French, Italian, Nurse has become almost as ubiquitous as the invariable Jew

The Bystander in Paris

MISS MARTHA LITTLE AND THE KING

THE pictures of the British offensive on the Somme and those of the King's recent visit to the Front have come to Paris, are being shown by Mr. T. A. Welsh at the Théâtre Réjane, and little Miss Little took me to see them the other afternoon. Allow me to introduce little Miss Little. Her name is Marthe Petit, and she is just over twelve years old. I made her acquaintance in the early days of the War on a barge on the Seine. Her father and mother are French bargees, as their fathers and grandfathers were before them, and have spent all their lives carrying goods along the waterways, rivers, and canals of France. Just before the War broke out, in July, 1914, they had invited me to make the initial trip with them on their new barge.

⁂

PETIT had scraped the money to buy it together sou by sou, and he was prouder of it than a millionaire could be of his new yacht. An unexpected rush of work prevented me from accepting Petit's invitation and so it happened that when the poor man's barge was shelled at Liège where it had arrived the day before, I was not on board. Since the War, Marthe Petit has adopted me during her holidays. Her two brothers are fighting the Germans, her father and mother are working another man's barge up and down the Seine, and several visits to Rouen have interested Miss Martha Little, as she invariably calls herself now, in everything wearing British khaki. So little Miss Little took me to the Théâtre Réjane to see "*L'Armée anglaise qui se bat en France*" remarking that she was anxious to make the acquaintance of the King of England, and that she did not think that ices afterwards would spoil her afternoon. So it happened that in the darkness of the theatre a pretty little French girl with long fair hair was seen to dance excitedly in one of the ground floor boxes, to lean over the edge and throw kisses at the screen, and raise a laugh by shouting in a squeaky voice: "But I love him, the King of England! He is gay that one! He pleases me! Look at him, he is laughing all the time!"

⁂

WE were watching the picture of the King's historic meeting with Monsieur Poincaré, General Joffre, General Haig, and General Foch. It is a very wonderful picture. The King looked very jolly, and he said something to President Poincaré which made him laugh as well. General Haig looked more serious. ("I think he has a great deal of work, that one," said Miss Martha Little.) General Foch was smiling, and Papa Joffre was late. "Here he is," said Marthe Petit, and the King quite clearly was seen on the film to say the same thing. Then the rulers of the Allied destinies burst out laughing again. "Oh, I *love* him," said Miss Martha Little, "I love him well, your king! Look! he laughs all the time." They told us from the stage that these moving pictures had not yet been shown in England—the pictures of the King's visit, I mean. Both they and the pictures of the fighting on the Somme have made an immense impression here in France, and will I am sure be welcomed with enthusiasm throughout the country where they are to be shown as soon as Paris has seen them. They have dissipated at once and for ever the legend of British dolefulness.

⁂

YOU have seen some of them in the BYSTANDER, and you will love them when you see them on the Film for their homely human touches and because they show you better than any words will ever tell you His Majesty's sympathy with every fighter, soldier or civilian, for the Allied cause. There are one or two homely little touches which especially delighted the Paris public. The King's manly grip of the hand to each Belgian soldier to whom he presented decorations. "*Tiens*, he does not kiss them, as M. Poincaré does!" said Marthe Petit, "I think it better that for a soldier."

THE inevitable dogs which make the King laugh, the wild cheers of the troops as soon as they catch sight of His Majesty ("they also are pleased to see him," said Miss Little, "and look, he is saying '*Bon jour.' Ah! Je l'aime bien cet homme la!*"), and above all the happy little peasant girl who handed flowers to His Majesty and danced away delighted with his thanks for them. Paris was delighted too to see His Majesty tramping over the battlefield, getting a surreptitious puff at a cigarette between peeps at the bombardment of Pozieres through a telescope, at the agility with which he climbed up an awkward bit of ground out of a shell-made crater; and Parisians held their breath sympathetically while His Majesty paused with bowed head for a moment at the nameless grave of a soldier. 'Evidently," said Miss Martha Little, "but evidently, it makes him pain to that man! The soldiers, they are al his children."

⁂

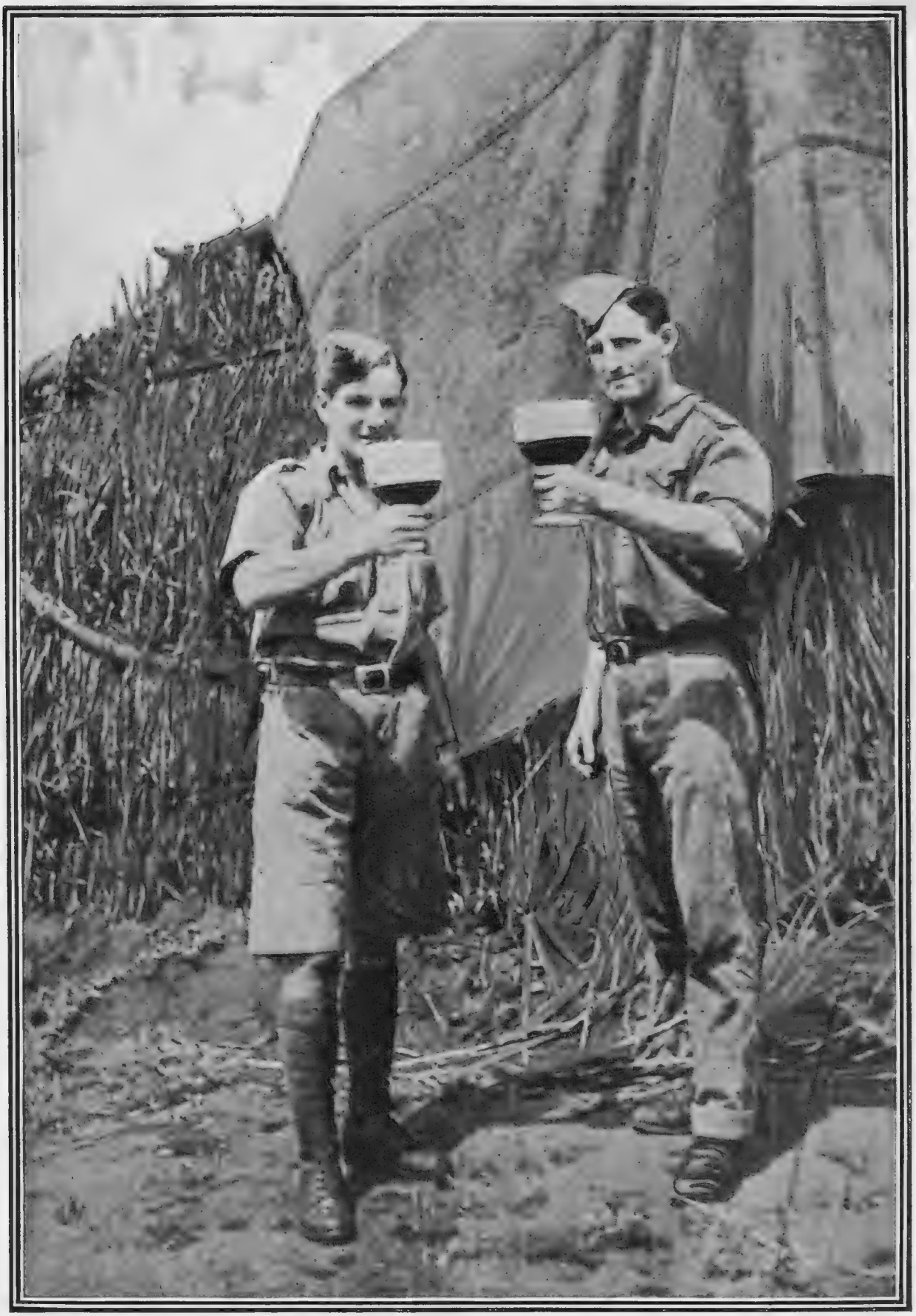
AND when His Majesty, having boarded the ship which was to bear him back to England, stood forward and saluted the French shore as the great ship moved majestically away from it, little Miss Little's enthusiasm knew no bounds. She stood up in the box again and pointed out the smoke of the destroyers of the escort. "I hope the Germans won't catch up with them," she said; "and what a rough passage he is having, the poor King! But look (the picture showed His Majesty on the bridge now) look! the wind is whistling through his beard, but he does not mind a bit! See he is laughing again." Then as the picture showed the great white cliffs of England, Marthe clapped her hands with glee. "*C'est jolie, l'Angleterre!* See then, he has arrived!" I told her that last time my wife and I went to England, we had landed exactly where the King did. "You will take me there, too," she said, "when I am bigger, after the War, and I will drink English tea and learn to speak English and you will take me, when I know it, to see the King?" I told her that His Majesty spoke French. "Then," said Miss Little, "I needn't wait so long, need I? I love him, the King. He is gay. He laughs all the time."

She ate two ices—big ones.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Hoch der Kaiser . . .

WIR DENKEN NICHT: (WE DON'T THINK)



THE ONE THING THAT IS BOTH GERMAN AND GOOD—BEER

This official photograph shows British soldiers drinking German beer in a captured German camp in what is still nominally German East Africa, now being overrun by Imperial troops under the command of General Smuts

The Eternal Snob

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

The Leopard's Spots

THERE are certain inherent tendencies of human nature that nothing will ever change. However much the forms may vary, the essence of them remains the same. They are as immutable as the leopard's spots or the Ethiop's skin. You may denounce them, jeer at them, or, if you happen to be a sentimentalist, weep over them, but so long as the earth is populated by men and women nothing you can do or say will have the very slightest effect. There is no cure for love-making, unreasoning self-sacrifice, or snobbishness.

⁂ ⁂

The Parlour

THE snob, like the poor, is always with us. Every age is afflicted with the particular brand of snob it deserves. Snobbishness, in itself, is no great evil, though some of the forms it takes may be both repellent and ridiculous. In some classes it consists in having a parlour, an entirely useless apartment generally furnished in red plush, set apart for the purpose of showing that the happy owners are socially equal to, if not a cut above, their neighbours. Late dinner, in certain households, is another manifestation of the same ambition, and we all know the type of lower middle-class young lady who for snobbish reasons would rather do anything than demean herself with housework—because housework is not reckoned genteel by the social luminaries of her set.

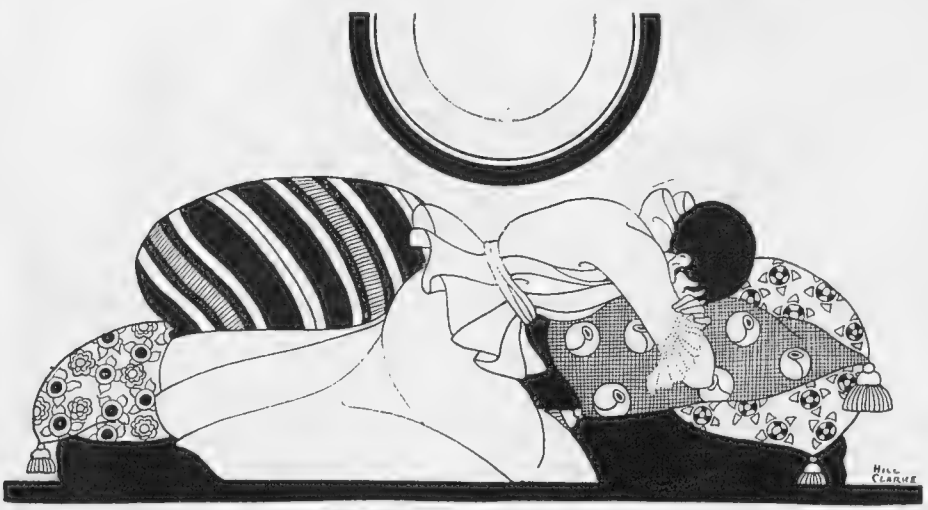
Democratic Snobbery

AFTER all, the wish to rise in the social world, or, at least, to appear to have risen, is a very natural one. Very few people whose position is not so assured as to defy criticism are entirely free from it. Through all time, every class has sought to ape the customs and manner of living of the class just above it. Not a bad thing, for the whole standard has gradually been raised. This is particularly true in democratic, or, rather, plutocratic, countries, where everyone may hope to rise. Again, very few persons object to being envied, and an easy way to achieve envy is to shine in the reflected glory of smarter or wealthier friends. Your true snob will submit to any kind of snub rather than forfeit the advantage of socially desirable acquaintances.

⁂ ⁂

Every Nice Girl——

IN the hallowed days of the Book of Snobs this was the distinctive mark of snobbishness, but times change, and a number of new variations have sprung up. The war and the system of voluntary recruiting brought in patriotic snobbishness which forbade any self-respecting girl to show herself in public with a man not garbed in khaki or navy-blue. A healthy manifestation, with which I, for one, have no quarrel, though in the case of men rejected by the military authorities some undeserved hardship was unavoidable. There is no reason why every nice girl should not love to be seen with a sailor, or a soldier. Who wouldn't?



"Weep over them ——"

⁂ ⁂

War Work?

ANOTHER laudable form of the snobbish instinct is the desire to be thought to be connected with some kind of war work—that is, when it leads to some useful occupation. I hold no brief for the "war-work" which consists solely in selling flags in smart hotels and fashionable West End thoroughfares, or in getting up and taking

THE ETERNAL SNOB (concluded)

part in entertainments from which no one in their senses, whole or wounded, military or civilian, could derive either profit or diversion, or which, on the plea of amusing our heroes home from the Front, beguiles them into expenses that many of them can ill afford.

⁂ ⁂

Lions, Real and—

THAT sort of snobbery is an insult to the real worker; and it is own sister to the particular brand evolved by the period in which we live—the kind of snobbishness that obtained before the war and has continued in full swing ever since. The old-fashioned snob wished to associate with his or her social superiors, or at least to appear to be in some way connected with them in some semblance of

"All that is wanted is some excuse to appear in the limelight"

equality. The snobbish woman fawned upon ladies of title and position, and in imitation of their patronage of art and artists took to unearthing lions of her own, wherewith to amaze her friends and neighbours, not to mention raising envy in their gentle breasts. Anything that could roar gently and wear some semblance to a lion's skin was good enough. The poor Christian who had no lion to boast of was indeed to be pitied.

⁂ ⁂

—Sham

IN the end the whole thing became a frantic race for notoriety. The snobbish woman who could not manage, upon some pretext or other, to get her name and photograph into the illustrated papers might as well be dead. However cheap the advertisement, it must be obtained at all costs. Anything has grown to be good enough, any means legitimate. As persons of established position and real lions are either scarce

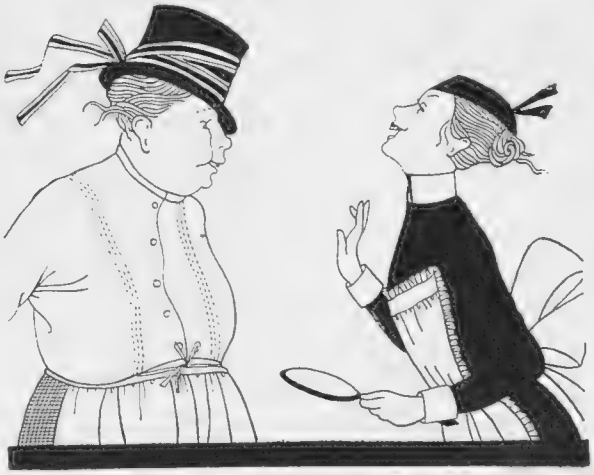
"Mademoiselle Snob complacent with a notoriety of the footlights"

or not sufficiently available, Madame and Mademoiselle Snob have recourse to the merely notorious. All that is wanted is some excuse to appear in the limelight, how, when, where, and in what company does not much matter. Dignity, social or personal, counts for nothing—how should it? When Madame or Mademoiselle Snob arranges complacently to appear in some public performance with favourites, or even only notorieties, of the footlights, does she do it because the stage appears to her the most desirable career, or because of great friendship and admiration for the afore-mentioned favourite, or simply because of the advertisement? It is true that the sacred cause of charity is generally invoked as an excuse, but charity has been known to cover a multitude of—well, let us say, indiscretions.

⁂ ⁂

The Key to Success

IN any case, the plea of charity can hardly be invoked to explain the social vogue of certain notorieties. There is something indiscriminate about it, not altogether complimentary to the Stage. The lionising in



"Every class has sought to ape the customs and manners ——"

question goes not so much by favour or the recognition of merit as by thirst for advertisement—and novelty. There is nothing new in stooping to conquer, but is the conquest worth while? Decidedly not, our grandmothers or our mothers would have said. EFEMERA

A Review of Revues

IN PARTICULAR REGARD TO THE STRICTURES OF GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has been writing a letter to the papers complaining of the scantily-dressed young women in particular, and the suggestiveness in general of contemporary *revues*. It is, perhaps, just as well that a General and not a clergyman should speak his mind about some of our music-hall entertainments. The clergy have not shone in their utterances as regards the Stage. The Bishop of Kensington once advertised (unwillingly, it need hardly be said) one particularly vulgar and silly performance, and when the lesser ecclesiastical luminaries turn their not very effective searchlights on to some abuse or other they merely do likewise. People, if they pay any attention at all just regard it as part of these gentlemen's professional duties—and book seats at once. But a General, particularly one of the heroes of Mons and the Marne, is different. He is a man of the world, one of ourselves. People will begin to wonder.

GEN. SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN

Whose criticisms of the character of certain theatrical performances are here commented on

❋ ❋

Now there is not the slightest doubt that what Sir Horace says is perfectly true. I am not in the least impressed by the music-hall manager who says that, though, of course, it may be true about the other fellow's theatre, it is certainly not true about his, and that the great British public will only patronise what is good and pure and wholesome, etc. The British public is not different from any other public, and is made up of men of all kinds, "the average sensual man," about whom we used to hear so much, largely predominating. I have not noticed any marked tendency towards prudishness in Mr. George Graves or Mr. George Robey, perhaps the most popular comedians of the day. Nor does the spectacle of Teddie Gerrard's back or Gaby Deslys' more intimate garments empty any theatre that I know of. Let us not be hypocrites. We are very much like everybody else in these matters.

❋ ❋

There can be no doubt, I think, that the London music-halls have during the last few years approximated more nearly to continental ideals. Of course, the most flagrant indecencies and vulgarities of the continental halls are, and probably always will be, quite *tabu*. All this kind of thing, viewed in its proper perspective, seems to me very trivial and comparatively harmless.

❋ ❋

But—and it is a very big "but"—we in London have got our ideas of place and perspective all wrong. Unlike foreigners, who do not regard the music-hall as the natural place for an educated man to take his wife and family to, or for the officer home on leave to patronise in the company of his mother and his sweetheart, we have gradually grown accustomed to consider variety entertainments as the staple article of our theatrical diet. Doubtless the continental music-halls suffer, and doubtless a continental *Coliseum* would be unthinkable, but do not let us on that account blind ourselves to the defects of our system.

❋ ❋

It is, you see, so very largely a question of balance. The music-halls in London might be ten times more vulgar, a hundred times more indecent than they are if Londoners only patronised the serious theatre as well. But, in the continental sense, there is no serious theatre in London at all. There are a few plays, some good, most thoroughly mediocre, a few utterly and hopelessly absurd, but the theatre whose repertory appeals to the intellect and the ideal enthusiasms of a man simply does not exist. Consequently the very mild indecency, and the rather timid vulgarity of the average London *revue* have it all their own way. There is no counterpoise to them. Their characteristics, whatever they happen to be at the moment, reign supreme and set the general tone.

❋ ❋

Nobody, I am sure, will be more surprised than Sir Horace to find himself thus roped into the strange collection of "intellectuals," freaks and cranks who have for years preached the importance of some standardisation of our national theatre. But it so happens that these people, though often absurd in themselves, have hit on the truth, and it also happens that Sir Horace's complaint leads him straight and inevitably to an acceptance, in part at any rate, of their contention. There is no other way to safeguard ourselves. A considerable portion of the public taste is bound in the very nature of things to incline, now more now less, to the low and the suggestive. If we are content to run our theatrical entertainments solely and exclusively to satisfy the public taste of the moment, without any attempt to guide or improve it, the time is bound to come when the looser variety of it will both pay the piper and call the tune.

❋ ❋

One need be neither a prig nor a puritan to realise that it is better to encourage a man to enjoy *Hamlet* rather than the antics of a dozen young ladies in abbreviated bathing dresses. By encouraging neither we merely ensure the success of the bathing-dresses. It may be true that "man needs must love the highest when he sees it"; but he seems to take good care to play the Nelson blind-eye trick as long as he possibly can.

Bystander-About-Town

Types They Have in the Navy

No. 4.—"OLD" AND "NEW" NAVY

Discipline does not come exactly naturally to the average trawler-hand. There are little things which sear his very soul. He finds, for instance, that the cherished profusion of hair on his forehead which gave the finishing touch to his masculine beauty is not admired but condemned by his instructors. It is even criticised, with all that fluent frankness that Petty Officers of the "Old Navy" type have always at their command

BY ARTHUR WATTS

BOOKS of the WEEK

MORE BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

Russian Literature

To succeed in its purpose a critical study of any writer should have the effect of sending you post-haste to the writer himself. You may then find that you disagree entirely with the critic, or that his interpretation coincides with your own. In either case his work, so far as you are concerned, will not have been wasted. Now in his critical study of *Fyodor Dostoevsky*, (Secker: 7s. 6d. net), Mr. J. Middleton Murry has written what is unquestionably a remarkable book. It is a piece of criticism which may be sound or unsound: it will stimulate your interest in Dostoevsky, and, when you re-read him, it will suggest new points from which you may view his work. Mr. Murry would have it that Dostoevsky is not a novelist in the ordinary sense of the word, chiefly because he is for the most part "outside time." But what is a novelist in the ordinary sense of the word? Nowadays nobody seems to be quite certain. I take it that a novel expresses life by means of a story, which is what Dostoevsky certainly did. But with regard to Mr. Murry's book, it is not this or that particular point which suggests criticism: it is the whole study which must be estimated, and there can be no doubt that it is a most interesting and most satisfactory piece of work even if you do not follow Mr. Murry on a score or more details.

THE LATE CAPT. THEODORE A. FLATAU

Eighth Battalion E. Surrey Regiment, formerly Editor of "The World," in succession to Lord Winterton. Capt. Flatau was killed in action early in July, and his death is a real loss to literature. He was a man of all-round literary ability, both in poetry and prose, and a very gallant and popular officer

Ideals and Realities

At the same time as the appearance of the Dostoevsky comes a reprint of Prince Kropotkin's *Russian Literature: Ideals and Realities* (Duckworth: 2s. 6d. net.). Like Mr. Murry's study, it will challenge criticism here and there, notably when its author allows his political views to interfere, however slightly, with his examination of literary values. The book does not pretend to completeness: it does not cover so large a ground as Waliszewski's study of the same subject, nor, indeed, is it so comprehensive as Maurice Baring's much shorter essay published a year or two ago in the Home University Library. And the writer decided not to add a chapter on those modern Russian authors who are being so freely translated to-day; which is perhaps a pity. But, interspersed as it is with various personal reminiscences, it is very well worth reading, and admirers of Russian fiction will be glad that the book has now been included in the very admirable Reader's Library.

More of Kuprin

A further collection of stories by Alexander Kuprin, whose *The Duel* I spoke of some months ago, will be welcomed. *The Slav Soul* (Constable: 5s. net) contains some fifteen stories chosen and translated by Stephen Graham and his wife. Kuprin occupies a peculiar place in Russian letters. Many of his stories might not be acceptable in this country. In this selection Mr. Graham has taken of Kuprin's best. "The White Poodle" is a little masterpiece, and yet it is merely an account of how half-a-dozen stray dogs were taken to a dog's home. True, the dogs talk, but does not everybody know that dogs talk to themselves as much as everybody else? And "The Elephant" is equally simple—merely a child's whim for a live elephant and how it was gratified. There is generally something unexpected in Kuprin's short stories, but always the same simplicity. Sometimes, perhaps, there may be rather more sentimentality than the modern taste of this country demands, but what of that? The book is a pleasure to read.

Russia To-Day

In two little books just published Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek, late of the Russian Army and now a regular contributor to one of our own daily newspapers, continues the good work of making Englishmen better acquainted with Russia's huge effort in the present war. *Russia in Arms* (Nisbet: *2s. 6d.* net) is a plain statement of the Russia of to-day, with interesting sidelights upon many things which somehow do not seem to get mentioned in the newspapers. *Aerial Russia* (Lane: *2s. 6d.* net) gives a detailed picture of what Russia, aided by a Scotsman called Kennedy, has done in the matter of aviation. As the author points out, it was a Russian designer who first evolved a workable idea of the giant airships, and it was Mr. Kennedy, in conjunction with his friend, the well-known Sikorsky, who first built the giant aeroplanes which will assuredly alter all our present ideas on aerial navigation. Both little books are excellent.

R. S.

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"Yes, but Johnnie Walker is as old as it tastes."

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BELLICOSITIES

CURIOSITY is piqued by the mysterious hint of the *Cologne Gazette* that Germany may find it necessary to resort to some "hitherto unused weapon." Surely her rulers can't be contemplating the desperate expedient of telling the truth?

⁂

THE "frightfulness" party are meanwhile threatening "a new U-boat campaign," to be started in October. If they mean it, the U-boats, for obvious reasons, will have to be new, as well as the campaign.

⁂

ACCORDING to the *Times*, there has been of late "a rapid increase in the demand of the Government for strong spirit." Well, they have not shown too much sign of the influence of "strong spirit" up to now; so perhaps, as the Bing Boys have it, "another little drink wouldn't do them any harm."

THE disconsolate members of the National Liberal Club are making no secret of their agonised conviction that they owe their ejection to their former idol, the War Secretary. "Evicted, by George!" is said to have been the exclamation with which more than one of them received the devastating news.

⁂

EVEN the worm will turn—and Henry Ford, the millionaire "angel of peace," has started to wage legal war upon a Chicago paper for dubbing him an anarchist. Quite refreshing to find that, after all, there is *something* that he is not prepared to take lying down.

⁂

THE "called-up" chimney-cleaner's wife who has taken over her husband's job during his absence, seems to have pluckily determined that, since he is doing his bit, it is her duty to follow "soot."

⁂

MONEYED shirkers of military service are hereby warned against the dangerous delusion that some form of "squaring" can be successfully employed to save them from being "rounded up."

⁂

ONE of our great railway companies is said to be distributing "lucky tokens" to its employees, bearing the words—"In every action ask yourself—'Is it safe?'" Hope no one will attempt to extend the distribution of these "tokens" to our men at the Front.

⁂

NO wonder there has been an indignant denial of the report that the civilian population had been ordered to leave Wilhelmshaven. As a matter of fact, not even the High Seas Fleet has been ordered to leave it.

⁂

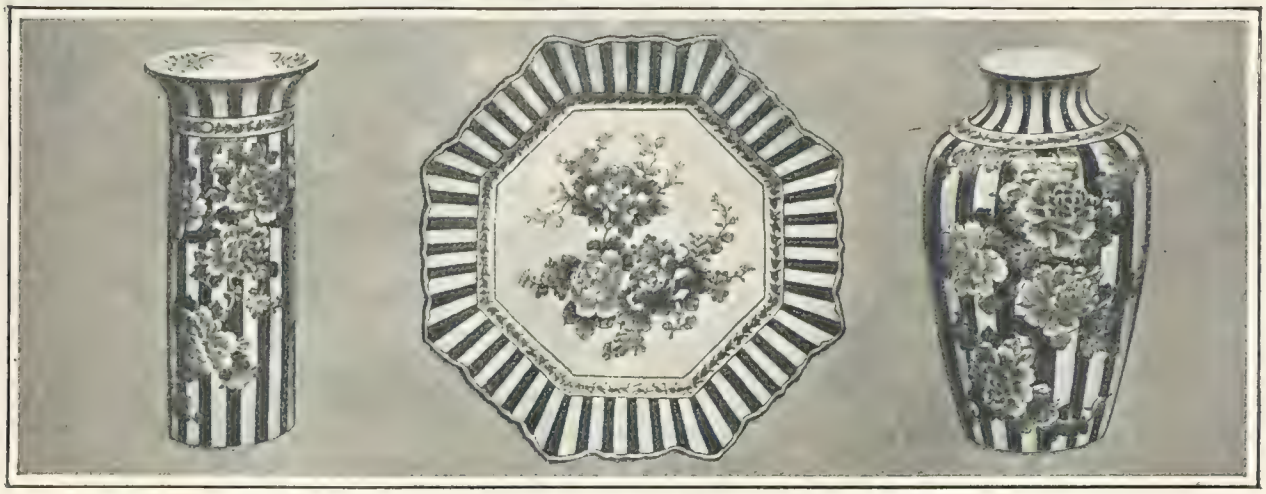
ALTHOUGH collectively the Cabinet declined to be filmed, individually they all seem to have sat to the filmer. Describing these living pictures, a contemporary declares that it is a pity Mr. Lloyd George was not persuaded to smile. Perhaps the operator forgot, and asked the right hon. gentleman to look pleasant.

⁂

WE do not like the latest recruiting methods of the War Office. They look to us like the thin end of the wedge. It would be a sad day for England if the Provost Marshal went round to Downing Street and asked what Daddy had been doing in the Great War.

HOW, INDEED!

SERGEANT: "Where's your 'ymn-book?"
PRIVATE: "I haven't one"
SERGEANT: "'Ow the 'ell are you going to sing 'ymns without an 'ymn-book?"



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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Old Country" at Wyndham's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

The hero of this play is Mr. James Lane Fountain, an Americanised Englishman, represented to the life by Mr. Gerald du Maurier. James left his native village a poor boy, with the added disadvantage of irregular parentage, and he comes back to the accompaniment of loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. In the interval he has grown so rich that it gives him a headache to count up what he has got; and I have always felt I could make a very dear friend of that kind of man. During his absence from home, and in the midst of the absorbing job of chasing the elusive dollar to its lair, James has been able to lavish benefactions innumerable upon his native village. He has also from time to time acquired portions of it; and now he practically owns the place, from the Squire's ancestral hall to the lowly dwelling-place of the toiling serf. His wealth, in fact, is something lovely.

MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE

But there is a grim and solemn purpose behind James's desire for lordship over his native place. His mother was originally a maid at the Squire's Hall, and when her illegitimate son was born—this is, of course, not necessarily a matter of cause and effect—she was hounded out of the village as a thing unclean. She aggravated her offence by refusing to give the name of the father of her child, and everybody knows how awkward this sort of thing is in a small community where you can never stop people making wild conjectures of the most embarrassing kind, especially if the baby's eyes happen to be the same colour as your own. And all that sort of thing. James listened to his mother's story of her wrongs, and then devoted himself to the one solemn purpose of his life. He would go out into the world and make money; after which he would come back to his native village and make things pretty sultry for all those who had been unkind to his mother, and who being themselves without sin had thrown a stone at her. They say that after the war is over women are going to take in hand this delicate situation, which men have bungled for centuries, and settle it in five minutes. I fancy, however, it will take them at least half an hour.

Millionaires who make money in America seem to lose their sense of proportion as they grow richer, like the prosperous factor of cheap conveyances who recently nursed the delusion that he could stop the world-war by just strolling along the trenches of both parties concerned and telling the boys to leave off fighting, and to go home and be kind to each other. James seems to have been long enough in America to have absorbed the popular Yankee idea of the unlimited power of the almighty dollar. He is going to bring his mother back home, and she shall reign at the Squire's Hall, and receive the respectful homage of those who, in the unhappy old days, called her nasty, horrid names. It is a fine picturesque scheme; but it never really gets a fair start. To begin with, James's mother cannot adapt herself to the atmosphere of an ancestral Hall, since in England at least aristocracy is born and not made. This is the keynote of James's failure. He meets it whichever way he turns. The Old Country is ruled by custom that has its roots in the very flesh and bones of its people, and even a prosperous

(Continued on page 530)

The RIGHT HON.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

begins in the LONDON Magazine

a remarkable series of intensely absorbing articles

THE WAR ON LAND AND SEA

WHEN Mr. Winston Churchill speaks to the nation some applaud, some criticise, but all listen. His hold upon the imagination of his countrymen here and in the Dominions has never been affected by any passing gust of popularity or ill-fortune. You may agree with him or disagree with him. But he commands your attention. He has made history and policy, and who so competent to expound them?

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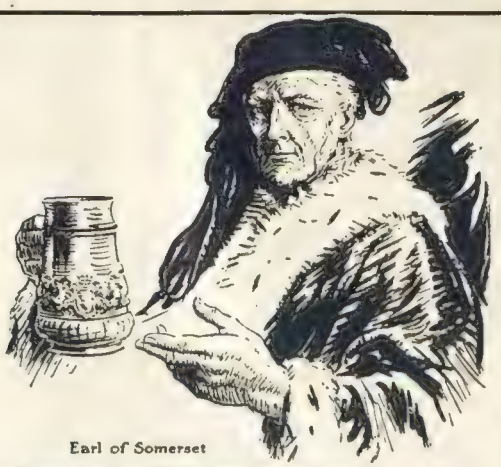

Earl of Somerset

**"So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye."**

KING HENRY VI., Act II., Scene IV.

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A Typically English Play

"The Old Country," Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's new play, successfully produced at Wyndham's Theatre, is a clever and rather moving exposition of the fact that the prejudices of centuries are even more powerful than a sense of justice

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page* 526)

emissary from God's Own Country itself cannot hope to come over here and change the growth of centuries in an hour.

⁂

In the course of his fanciful scheme of revenge James summons to his august presence the parson and the doctor, who years ago were the chief instruments in arranging that his mother should leave her country for her country's good. With the fine eloquence of the man who knows all the eternal truths without having had the tiresome bother of studying them, James points out to these gentlemen that he is now boss of the show, Gee-whiz! and what are they going to do about it? But the parson and the doctor are not at all penitent. Convention and tradition called them to perform a painful duty, and they claim that in performing it they bore themselves as men who did justly and loved mercy; and if it had to be done again to-morrow they would act in a precisely similar manner. And that's all there is to it. The present Squire at the Hall, whose rather suggestive family name is Parramer, has, apparently, been there for some years, living, in the fine old English style, on his own debts and those of his forefathers. I have never been able to square this system with the current ideas of arithmetic; but I understand it is frequently done. James is so ridiculously rich that he has only to put his hand in his pocket in order to liquidate the accumulated indebtedness of generations, with the result that he becomes master of Parramer Hall and Mr. Parramer's personal creditor as well. This is his moment of triumph—the moment at which, by all tradition, a long-suffering hero is entitled to observe, "Ha, ha!" But here the complications begin. At the time of Mr. Fountain's mother's little trouble Mr. Parramer was a young man residing at the Hall where the young woman was in service. He was a handsome fellow and she was a nice little thing, and—you have guessed it. James has simply been worrying his poor old father.

⁂

There are some very graceful love-scenes between James and a young girl of the name of Mary (Miss Rosalie Toller), who, with a proper respect for stage tradition, refuses absolutely and irrevocably to marry him and his millions in the first act. Just before the curtain falls, however, she changes her mind, and comes downstairs to ask him to marry her, and so that's all right. The idea which the play seems to be trying to inculcate is that the grand old institutions which our forefathers bled to maintain are here for a permanency; but the experience of the last two years hardly confirms this view of our rooted conservatism. And they do say that when peace smiles upon us once again the Old Country is going to be taken in hand to such an extent for alterations and repairs that its best friends will hardly recognise it. Sufficient unto the day. . . . !

⁂

Finally, James receives a lecture from an agricultural labourer, very finely delivered by Mr. Sydney Valentine, to the effect that the soul of the Old Country is not to be moved by mushroom prophets of yesterday, and that the best thing James can do will be to go back to his adopted land and—dry up! It is a strange play, but quite interesting; and, above all, it is intensely English. JINGLE

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Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-.**

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Apply at night the **Eyelash Cream,** and in quite a short time the lashes will have grown considerably longer and curly. Price **4/-.** In the day darken the lashes and brows with the **Sard Indienne,** and the size and beauty of the eye will be marvellously enhanced; giving the appearance of having been "put in with a smutty finger." Price **4/6.**

CONTOUR LOTION

A miraculous Lotion, which effectually remedies all bagginess of the skin at the throat. It can also be applied with advantage to the face and around the eyes. Price **7/6** and **15/-.**

FOR FLABBY SKINS

Crème Cléopâtre.—A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. It may be used at any time the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

CROWSFEET BALM

A beneficial Cream for use around the eyes, preventing crowsfeet, counteracting wrinkles and restoring freshness and elasticity to the skin. Also used in conjunction with Eau qui Brûle. Prices **4/6, 7/6,** and **18/6.**

EAU QUI BRÛLE

A powerful preparation for use when lines appear on the face, and when the skin is marred by brown patches or the natural fading of age. By the use of Eau qui Brûle the skin is at once stimulated to activity so that lines disappear as if by magic and the natural tension of youth and health is restored. Prices **7/6** and **15/-.**

FOR SUN TAN OF LONG STANDING

Dorakleen Bleaching Cream is a speciality for use when the skin has suffered from exposure to the sun, wind, or any other adverse cause. Prices **3/6, 6/6** and **12/6.**

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"In Oxford St. (Opposite Bond St. Tube Station)."

Dainty Confections in infinite variety, freshly made daily on the premises, including many varieties hitherto made exclusively abroad. Everything from a plain bun to a £50 wedding cake.

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Extra Riche	4/6 lb.
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or packed in Standard Boxes artistically arranged, from 5/6 to 25/- Each box containing an assortment of 4/3, 3/6, and 2/6 lb. Chocolates.

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Bonbon Théâtre	3/6 lb.
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TABLE DAINTIES

Rich Wine Biscuits	1/6 lb.
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Scotch Pancakes	9d. doz.
Macaroons	1/- doz.
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Tea Biscuits	2/- lb.
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Almond Puddings	from 1/6 each
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CALL, if possible, and inspect the wonderful display of *confiserie* and *patisserie* at the Maison Lyons—Near three tube stations—Bond Street, Oxford Circus, and Marble Arch; all buses going along Oxford Street pass the door.

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Telephone Nos.—Mayfair 6200-1.

An Afternoon at the Oxford

THE management of the Oxford Music-Hall have made a distinct hit by filling more than half their programme with a merry and tuneful revue called "Back to Blighty." It is easy to forgive the deception ingeniously suggested by this title (which, as a matter of fact, has nothing whatever to do with the return of any member of the B.E.F., either wounded or unwounded, to this country), for the sake of the capital songs and choruses, and the funny, if at times rather robust, humour of the dialogue. The Oxford audiences seem to prefer humour to assume an obvious and clearly marked form, so much so, indeed, that a gentleman sitting behind me took much delight in elucidating to his fair companion all those portions of Mr. Harold Montague's songs in which he considered the point was insufficiently driven home. To be just, however, there was seldom any real occasion for a lengthy explanation—the i's were dotted and the t's crossed with a relentless emphasis that left the p's and q's gasping for breath!

THE Common or Garden Opera scene was attractive; but the loudest laughter in the whole performance was occasioned by an actor bearing the truthful name of Ridiculous Recco, whose acrobatic and heroic failures and successes in the Oxford Circus scene were greatly to the taste of the house. Mr. Recco's embrocation bill must, one would imagine, be heavy. The chorus was extremely pleasing to the eye; and Miss Clara Beck sang and acted with considerable spirit in the part of the Sleeping Beauty, who, with Rip Van Winkle, gives the title to the revue by coming "Back to Blighty" after a sleep of a hundred years. F. R. B.

The Quantity is limited—the Quality is rare—you cannot get it everywhere

Send for a sample dozen

and demonstrate to your friends that your judgment in whisky is cultured. The government require you to pay in advance, so send your cheque for *66/-* for a case of one dozen

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Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

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The actual bottle is full size—6 to the gallon

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NOTE.—Notwithstanding the vast increase in cost of material and labour, Burberrys still maintain their PRE-WAR PRICES for all Service Kit.

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Scientifically designed, The Burberry Trench-Warm combines the services of three coats, each of which can be worn separately or together. Combined these three garments form the most

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available. A thick, double-fronted safeguard that maintains healthful warmth and comfort under the worst possible conditions. Separately, they supply a

Reliable Weatherproof

A coat that turns the heaviest downpour and ensures healthful security, because it is airylight and faultlessly self-ventilating; and a

Smart British Warm

of Camel Fleece with detachable collar. A light and snug overcoat for wear in dug-outs or when off duty.

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ON AUGUST 1st, 1916, the price of "VIYELLA" was advanced to the public.

Reluctant as we, the spinners and manufacturers of "Viyella," were to take the step, the high prices which now have to be paid for raw material and everything else incidental to the production of the cloth, really left us no option in the matter.

According to competent authorities, the average cost of clothing materials has advanced 55 per cent. since the beginning of the War. "Viyella," however, costs only about a third more than it did just before the War, not an important advance when everything is taken into account, and certainly not in comparison with most other fabrics. "Viyella" wears and washes so well that it is always cheap in the long run.

"Viyella" Shirts can be obtained in regulation khakis and greys, and both Shirts and Pyjamas in plain cream and a wide range of smart stripes of all high-class Outfitters.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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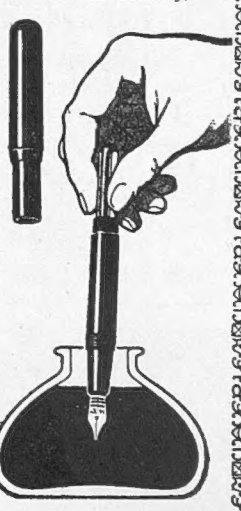

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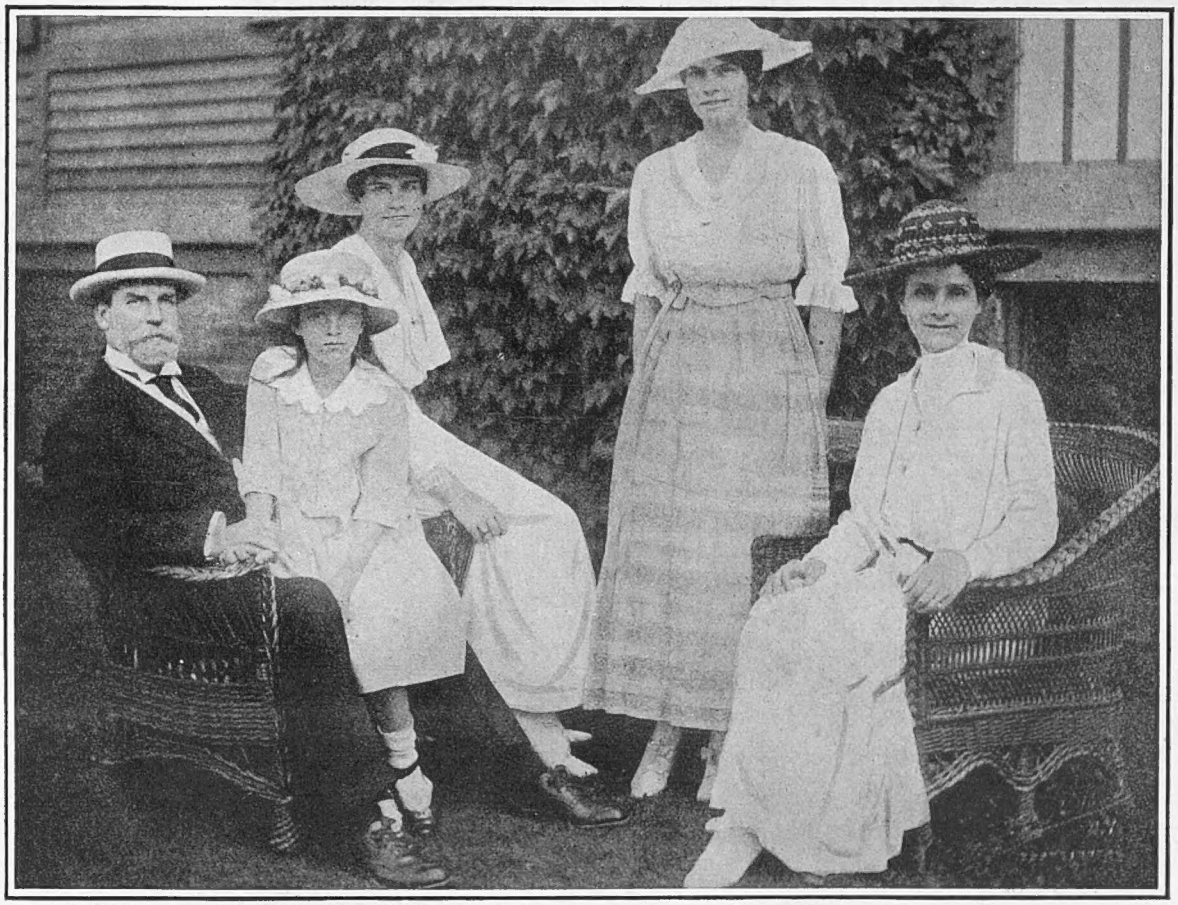

THE MAN WHO MAY BE PRESIDENT

Mr. Charles Hughes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the U.S.A., with his wife and daughters. The Presidential election is held in November, after the State elections, which have just begun with the transference of the State of Maine from the Democrat to the Republican party

R.S. "Holly"

R.S. "Bedford"

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R.S. "BEDFORD."—Tailor-made Coat in navy and black Coatings, cut with ample fullness, adorned with buttons and stitchings and finished belt; half-lined Silk. £4 14 6

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HARRODS SALE of PIANOS
Monday, September 25, and following days.

WHATEVER the size, tone, or character of the Piano you select, and however low the price, you are assured of securing an absolutely genuine bargain. Any instrument purchased may be tried for three months and freely exchanged if not in every way approved.

Some examples—

BROADWOOD "Short Grand." Dark Rosewood Case. 7 octaves. Fine specimen. Condition is really good and instrument has had very little use. Maker's List Price, 105gns. Harrods' Sale Price for Cash **70 gns.** Or by 12 quarterly payments of £6 14s. 9d.

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HENRY WARD Upright Grand, in dark Chippendale Case, overstrung, full iron frame. Under damper action and responsive touch. Maker's List Price, 45 gns. Harrods' Sale Price for Cash **23 gns.** Or 12 quarterly payments of £2 4s. 3d.

BLUTHNER Upright Grand. Ebonised Case. Excellent condition from hire. Harrods' Sale Price for Cash **42 gns.** Or 12 quarterly payments of £4 1s. 0d.

COLLARD "Baby Grand." Length, 5ft. 1in. Rosewood Case, Overstrung, scale 7 octaves. Has been carefully used on hire. Very mellow and responsive touch. Exceptional value. Maker's List Price, 105 gns. Harrods' Sale Price for Cash **65 gns.** Or by 12 quarterly payments of £6 5s. 3d.

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THIS BOOKLET SENT FREE.

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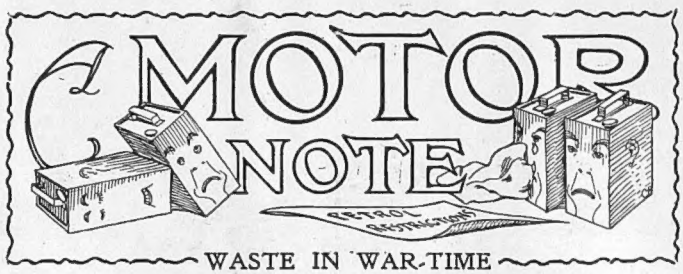
RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.



A Top Speed Trial

I SEE the 12-cylinder Pathfinder car has crossed the American Continent by the Lincoln Highway (4,889 miles) on top gear. At the end, it did a mile in 59.20 seconds on the Sheepshead Bay Speedway. This proves power and flexibility. The distance suggests reliability—if the car was run throughout without adjustment or repair. However, I never did think very highly of the advertising value of non-stop runs as such, particularly when accomplished by cars of high power, and equipped with gear boxes controlling several other forward speeds. We have had a great many such top speed runs in this country, and I fancy we decided they were not worth while, because they always induced the purchaser of the successful brand of car to imagine vain things and to try and get the same top speed results. When he failed, he was given to writing letters of complaint to the manufacturers and developing a grievance based upon a belief that he had not received maximum value for money. He was pretty well bound to fail in his amateur endeavours to emulate the achievement of a professional driver who slept with his car and started out with it in its top-notch order, primed for the great test. Then the idea began to grow that the greater the one-speed achievement, the greater the condemnation of the other speed mechanism the car carried; every additional speed representing considerable unnecessary cost to the owner. So we dropped that form of indulgence. All the same, the Pathfinder reads like a remarkably fine job.

***

More Waste

ALFRED NOYES has been writing about motor-boats O.H.M.S., and writing finely. And that reminded me of an allegation made, with a particular bearing upon the everlasting problem of petrol. Now and again, the crew of a motor-boat get shore leave. It doesn't occur often, and it's always earned with interest. That part is all right—better'n all right; but there's another part that isn't. Because the powers that rule the King's Navee have also ruled that no motor-boat shall put into port with petrol in its tanks. The boat must therefore (I gather) cruise around until its essence is consumed, thereby delaying the much-earned leave; or dump the petrol overboard, thereby expediting said leave. In one case alone, it is said, no less than 400 gallons went to feed the fishes—poor devils.

***

Petrol Overboard!

THERE you have the "War is Waste" theory in full blast, with nobody who might remedy this particular waste moving a hand to do it; and with those who do care, but cannot themselves remedy, being "told off" most severely for not minding their own business. Yet there is no difficulty about the remedy. It can be effected directly the little mandarin in charge of the war-is-waste department cares to dictate an order occupying about a minute. But he seems to be much more concerned to ensure that the expenditure shall not fall below five millions a day. I daresay, right in the worm-hole of his little heart, he has an idea that we should lose prestige if we endeavoured to retrench. The fact that the waste he is not discouraging may render other departments of the State less efficient, does not disturb him. It's not his department!

***

Pool Scooping

RESTA and his Peugeot have been dollar hunting to some purpose this American racing season, and have

(*Continued on page 538*)

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